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Amazonia Syndrome

Sultan Muhammad Razzak

Amazonia Syndrome

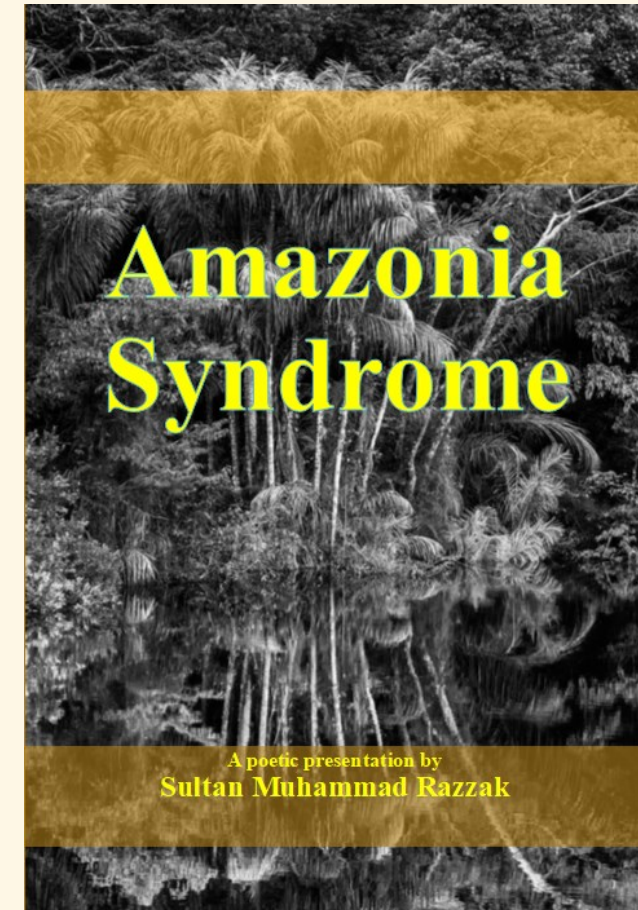
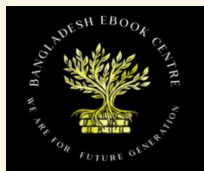
A poetic presentation by
Sultan Muhammad Razzak

Amazonia Syndrome

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❀Love or Procreation❀

❀Love or Procreation❀

Night
Dark
Pitch black
Like a huge forest
I am lying down on my back
My eyes lense towards the sky

All over my body
Decorated with
Trees, vines, leaves, flowers, fruits
Bitter sweet fruits
Roots hold bite the earth

Beside sweets there is bush of Cannabis,
The tree of cyanide and like so many
All standing
The melody of upper side of leaves
Very different at opposite side,

There are hives bee
And poisonous ants and insects
Snakes and crocodiles
How many more animals together
I don't know is love there?
Or all these are only for reproduction!

There are rivers
Poisoned water
Toothed fish, crocodiles
How much more?

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Flock of birds
Many colors of life are painted in wings
Songs
And full of clouds
Storm
Rain
Flowers
The clouds
Bear grains of wheat in each drop
I don't know is it for love
Or only for reproduction from the very beginning of time!

I am lying down on my back
My eyes lenses towards the sky

Do I know all of my body?
All exist inside and outside
How strange... I know nothing.

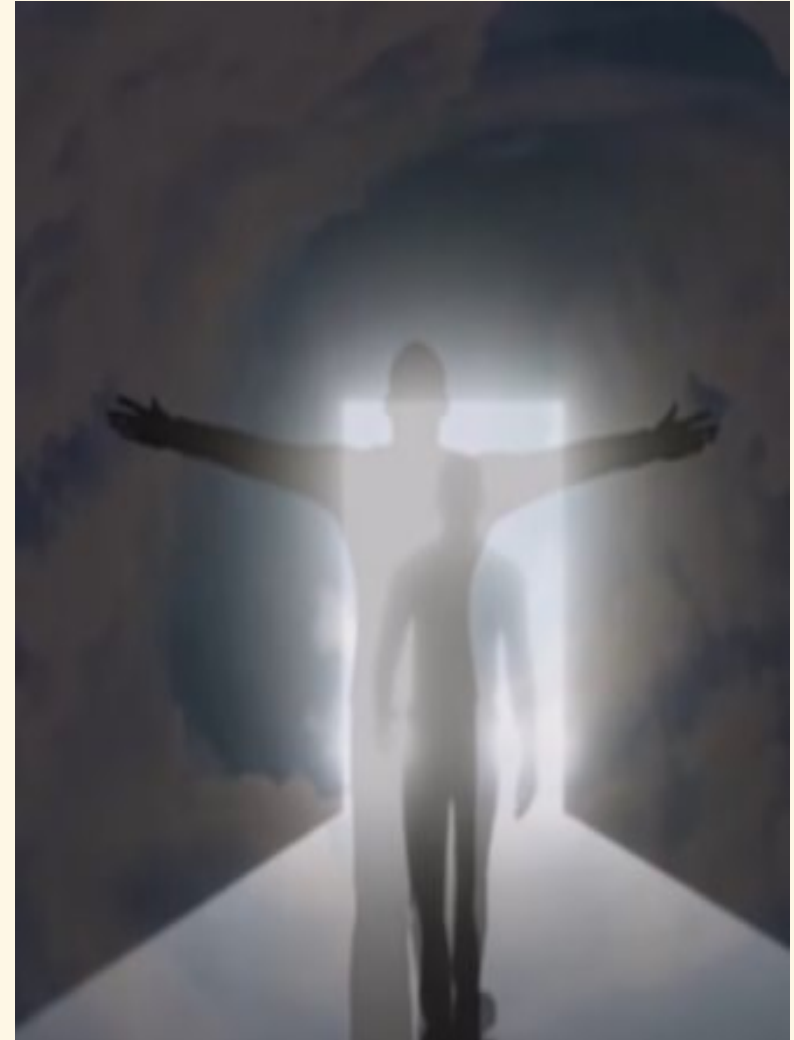
Throughout my life
I am walking in the dark!

I am lying down on my back
My eyes lenses towards the sky

I don't know
Who should stay eternally?
Who gave him the name The God?

I don't know is it for love
Or only for reproduction from the very beginning of time!

Amazonia Syndrome



❀ A tall man standing behind me ❀

❀A tall man standing behind me❀

I feel him in my heart
The tall man behind me-
Why is he walking behind me-!

I turned around
I tried to see him again and again
But I never saw him.

Once
In the deep Amazon jungle
I put my hand in the hive of poisonous anthill,

Ah,
Right then, thousands of ants attacked me
I screamed in unbearable pain
I broke the bushes and started running
Birds, wild animals, and leaves in the forest
And even the clouds above the forest cried out

And then the tall man behind me
Didn't make a sound-
Rather, it seemed to me
He laughed silently

I am angry and sad for him
I shouted at the sky
Who are you?

All the leaves of trees of the Amazon were stormed down
Millions and millions of leaves of trees
Fell on the earth

Then the stony silence....
In my heart...

He was then standing behind me
That tall man...



❀Be Amazonian❀

❀Be Amazonian❀

When I was underwater,
I used to say to the night sky
Come down O beloved stars
Draw a beautiful tattoo on my body
Jungles and clouds
Trees and rivers
Green snake

And the black panther
Poisonous ants and
Large colorful birds
Wild rabbit and
And the bees
And those tattoos on my body
Become trees
Thousands of unnamed trees
Let there be a tangled of vines

Toothy crocodile
And the dolphins
Laugh together
Unsuspecting
Without hesitation
Non-violent.

Amazonia Syndrome

That's the name of the game
To survive
Together
In a world without walls
That, you the people have done today,
That wallless world is called Amazon
And everyone's name is
Amazonian
Not humans - they have divided the world
Creating many walls...

The sky heard my call
Meteorites have been tattooed on my body for thousands of years.
Look and read
Everything is written in the tangled roots...
If you would like to read
Be Amazonian...

Amazonia Syndrome



❁After birth and before death❁

❀After birth and before death❀

I was seeing endless time
To the sky
I was chanting to the bright stars
And prayed
Fall here - O the fire
On this chest
Be turn into seeds
On the lines of tattoos on my body
And wake up everywhere
Like vines and leafy trees.

I asked him many times
Why is my chest full of thirst?
That's him-
On the contrary
The opposite of me-
I never desired a pen
Didn't ask you for a book to rule
But then why-
My heart is feeling thirsty.

Tell me, why my thirst is to see
Flowers will fall at night from the trees
On the riverbank
In the winter morning
And different colors of flowers
To welcome the morning sun...

Why is my chest full of thirst?
My opposite mind
Laughs and says
You now exist between the time of
After-birth and before death!



❁Under the Forbidden Tree ❁

❁Under the Forbidden Tree ❁

I don't know who I am here-
Gilgamesh or Enkidu?
What character am I acting on
On this earthen stage!
A loser angel or
Another is a human being!

Oh God,
I also have read the ancient fables and fairytales
On wars
Maybe this artery does not carry the blood of a warrior but
I am carrying
The flash of the sword and the sound of the horse's hooves are in
my heart.
I see in my heart all the wars of the past –
Which are written in several scripts and human brain
Those are being carried from generation to generation...

According to the stories
You lost in all wars...
Perhaps in such an Amazon forest-
Lillian had left all the wealth,
Which you had given her in heaven,
Disdain everything
She had gone to an unknown solitary exile
You had lost
You lost again and again
One such Amazon forest
Under the Forbidden Tree...



Deseo azul salado del mar

❀Blue salty desire of the sea❀

There were clouds
Crystal-clear stagnant water
Beside
Old tree roosts were tangled together
A creeper plant with red flowers
Swings in the air-

It all reflects inside the water
Keeping the mirror in front
Like a girl's face...
There are so many songs in her mind
Not sang till now.

In the water mirror
Looking at the face, the clouds of the sky say
You still don't know-

How many live together
Falling in love is the sea

I float with all the stories in my chest
Why don't you call me fall oh tree land?

Amazonia Syndrome

The blue of the sea floats with salty words
How much love
How much
How many tunes
How many colors
Float in your sky
With hunger of love like Sahara desert
Could you take me to your chest Oh queen of the world?

With the dream of the sea
I will wake up again
As sprouting as the new leaf
With another dream of flowers and fruits!

Amazonia Syndrome



❁ Is life the story of a wild path ❁

❁Is life the story of a wild path?❁

As many minds
Many stories exist in this world.
Tell me who looks for whom!

That's the night sky.
A land of shining stars
Holding layers of stories.

And look at this dusty path,
Here, too, through this path
How many lives have been walked with happiness and sadness?
Everything is written in this dust.

How much music is there in this dust?
With sadness and pain
How many wars
Rebellion
So many poems for a living.

In the Amazon
Inside the stagnant water in this dense forest
Crocodiles, fish, and other water creatures
Do they see the moon from under the water?

In a full moon night
My heart
I am not able to feel the matter.

And in the swamp
A group of trees tangled in roots
What those dreamt dreams
Seeing thick white clouds floating
In the afternoon of blue sky?

I don't know those stories.
The leaves that fall in the wind
What is written there?

Just a story of dying?
Or a thousand fairy tales related to life
And some of the dreams
Not completed!
Is life the story of a wild path?



❁Tales Woven in the Silence of Trees❁

❁Tales Woven in the Silence of Trees❁

Tales written in the roots
I know how many flowers bloom in silence
How many stories fall from leaf to leaf?

Even the veins and branches of the trees
Flow, touching the boundaries of leaf and bark.

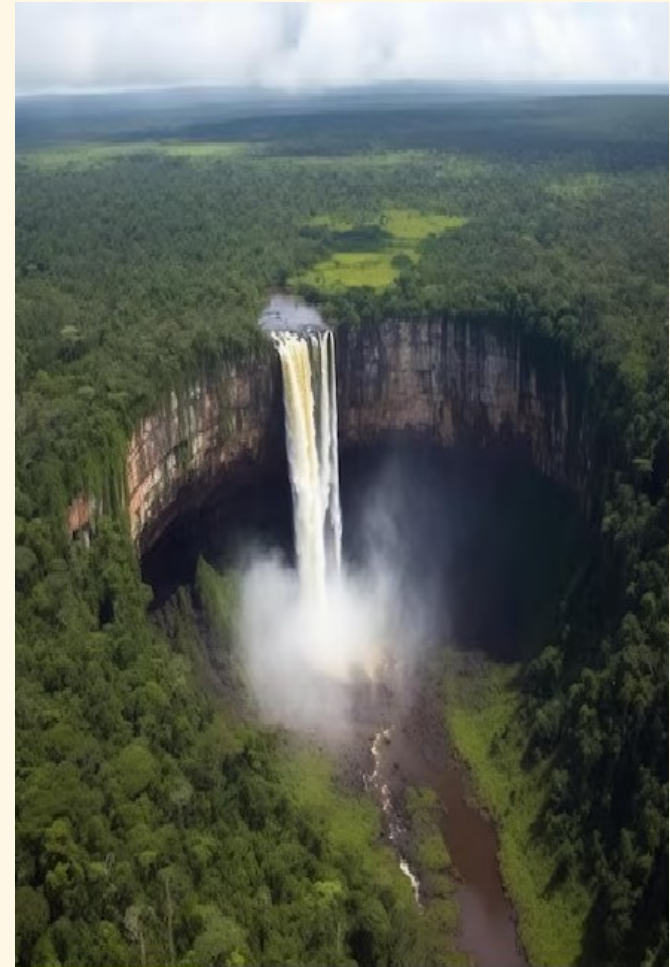
Here, above the ground
Some where deep within the forest
A river flows far away
Like a hidden stream of imagination
Every day, every night, wrapped in green shadows.

In our imagination, bound together
Are all the colors of life,
all memories
As if within an eternal circle
In the play of raindrops and sunlight
Each branch, each leaf awakens anew.

Amazonia Syndrome

Here, in every breath, in every root
History and folklore are written
That no one hears, only feels
The scent of earth, leaves, and life floats in the air.
We search for those shadows
It hides our stories in secrecy
Our history, our future
Even in every raindrop, a new chapter is written
A new life begins.
Here, above the ground
In the deep mystery of the forest
Lie hidden those tales
They were written in the roots long ago.

Amazonia Syndrome



🌸 Amazon:
Tears of trees and song of water 🌸

❁Amazon:

Tears of trees and song of water❁

Amazon, the song of sweet water flows,
Branches of trees move gently, a melody of breeze.
For centuries, on this vast jungle,
Life and nature have intertwined with the river's story.

Fish glide through the water, birds soar overhead,
Ancient echoes resonate through the forest's strength.
Yet man, in his rush, overlooks the essence of the river,
Engulfed in destruction, disregarding natural harmony.

In the silent depths of the forest, where shadows form,
No one hears the unspoken sadness in the leaves.
The river, a lifeline, continues its journey,
But man's focus remains on conquest, ignoring the cost.

The river persists, unchanged and calm,
Tracing patterns along its banks.
The creatures of the forest understand-

the river sustains them,
But does man realize he too is part of this life source?
Do you sense the quiet sorrow in the river's flow?
Man disrupts the hidden symphony,
trees falling in silence.

Birds carry away the day's gentle breath,
While the forest quietly mourns its loss.

Still, the river speaks softly, "You are part of me,"
But who listens? Who heeds this call?

Man's destruction is short-lived,
While nature endures, teaching and sustaining.
A subtle ripple surfaces in the river,
The forest resonates with the essence of existence.

If you listen, the river might reveal a truth-

Man,
your freedom is intertwined with nature's survival.



❁Amazonian Chemistry❁

❁Amazonian Chemistry❁

Dissecting this body,
What have I gained other than some chemistry?

In the trees, flowers, vines, leaves,
Roots and branches of vegetation,
I keep searching for more and more
Life-giving chemistry within our bodies.

Dissecting helpless animals, insects,
What am I searching for?

Standing before the mirror with the gaze of a sharp knife,
Oh, I, whom do I seek? Tell me, oh human!

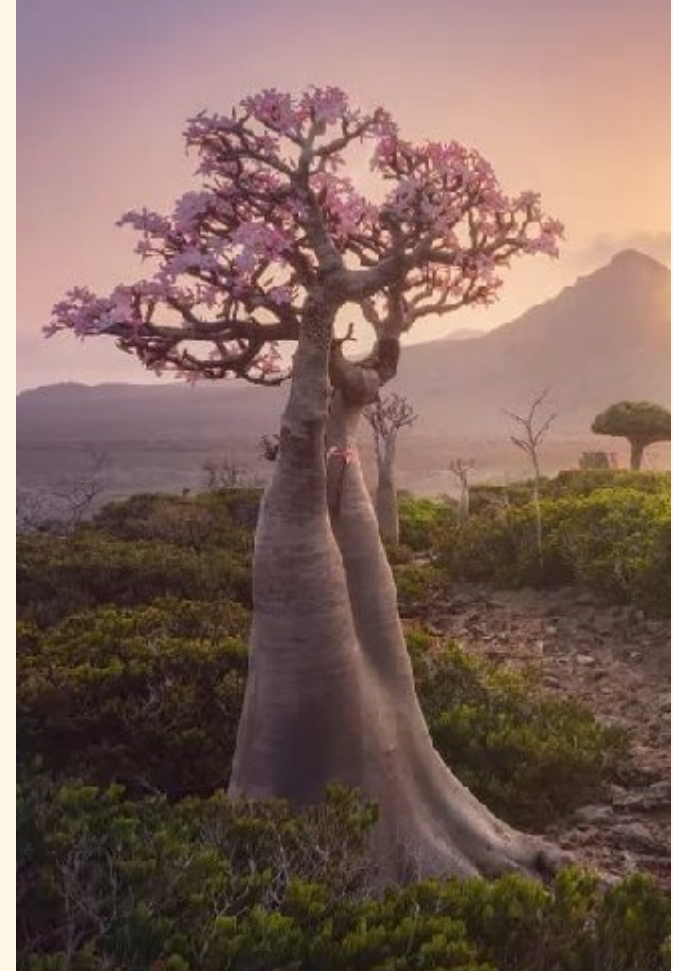
Have I ever seen in my dreams
That I am that very Amazon body?

In a thousand rivers,
Water flows,
Joy flows,
Tears flow.
The moon floats in the heart,
You and I float in an exquisite chemistry of X and Y.

Amazonia Syndrome

Leaves of the trees whistle in the wind,
And the birds burst into laughter,
Flying in flocks—
And amidst the Amazon vegetation, to the right and left,
Above and below, spanning sky and earth,
Before the mirror—I see,
With all the clouds, mist, and rain of chemistry,
I stand—an Amazonian.

Amazonia Syndrome



❁I am the Flower of Socotra❁

❀I am the Flower of Socotra❀

I am the Flower of Socotra,
I used to think I was born in the darkness,
Alone on this island,
Amidst countless trees on this earth.

I have seen many lamps of light in the sky,
One day, the moon spoke—
"Do you not know?
Your ancestors still live in the Amazon!"

My soft, delicate, colorful petals,
Get soaked in the tears of the clouds.

I stand for thousands of years,
Alone, in the deep darkness—waiting for whom?
On the slope of the mountain,
Where the waterfall sings in secret tunes,
There I am, in the corner of a solitary forest,
Standing—waiting for whom?

When the storm comes,
I battle against its fierce gusts,
Sometimes I break, sometimes I rebuild.

I survive as the Flower of Socotra—
Waiting for whom?

I am the Flower of Socotra,
Alone like death on an isolated island,
Far away from the Amazon,
For thousands of years, alone,
Far away from the Amazon,
Yet every vein in me,
Lives on, carrying the mantra of life.

I do not know,
How far I must go,
Yet every day, every moment,
I continue to bloom,
In the smallest form of life.
I am the Flower of Socotra!



❀The Birthplace of All Stars Is Here ❀

❀The Birthplace of All Stars Is Here ❀

Step even more cautiously,
Walk quietly,
So the forest doesn't wake from its sleep-
In the midnight hour, all the trees here are asleep.

It's not just you, oh starry humans,
Here lie waters, rivers, clouds, seas, mountains,
All aligned in an extraordinary path of shadows.

Do you see the sky?
Stars, clouds, the moon, and the sun-
Dust particles float in the desert breeze,
And in the heart of the sky-
In those dust particles, dreams of stars.

Haven't you seen it?
The birthplace of all stars is here.

From the leaves of this forest,
Vapors rise like dreams into the ocean of the sky.
Here, only the silent songs of stars echo,
Leaves fall, softly touched by the breeze.

Amazonia Syndrome

You only need to listen—hear that deep resonance.
You don't know who calls out on this path,
Some ancient, eternal call
From the far end of this mysterious galaxy.

There is no one here—only awakened dreams
That carve a new path through the forest,
And you witness that unseen procession.

All the faces seem familiar,
Everyone known only as "celestial beings."
So tread more carefully on this path,
Let not the children of the stars wake from their sleep!

Amazonia Syndrome



❁The Era of Animism❁

❀The Era of Animism❀

The sea and sky knew the stories of flowers and leaves.
But today, you have forgotten them all——
The wise, old elders
Who spoke to you about skies,
Of trees,
Of all animals, birds, insects, and creatures of the sea,
And their love stories with humanity!

And of the leaves, the life-giving trees-
Where mist gathers day and night,
Of clouds' stories,
Of rivers, oceans, and mountains' tales!

When you climb mountains,
Even a storm-fallen branch would say, "Come,
Let's be your walking stick."
And when you longed for the sea,
The trees would say- "Here, make me into a raft."
If you wish to fly,
The parrots of the Amazon would call,
"You will soar—higher than us!"

Have you forgotten that era of Animism?
Do the ocean's waves still sing to you,
Where were you once their first listener?

Within that melody lies your lost rhythm.
Do you still recall the waterfall's embrace,
Washing away your weariness?

That same waterfall, once your closest companion in thirst.
A wild creature had once guided you to that sweet spring.
Have you forgotten the torrential rain,
That soaked the emptiness within your heart?

You've lost the voice of nature,
And with that, your own song too!
Have you forgotten, once there was an era-
Its name was Animism?



❁We are going forget❁

❁We are going forget❁

I have said...
Uttered many times...
In the dark....
I never able measure the dark inside
I never seen moon rises
Or Sun rises inside
But I heard and hear the sound of rain.
In the third phase of night
I have dreamt the starry sky
Very close my eyes...
And
Fragrance of flower those bloom
At the end of the night
And the song of birds
Tweeted in the morning....
And I say to myself -
Only to myself...
Because I got you will understand me...
My fillings
I am losing all my mates day by day
With whom I had shared my journey to awareness
My wild life
Old stone life
New stone life
And all the other eras till date
Those you have divided....

See,
I am trying to remember you
All mates
I know, from ancient time
The list is so big....

I say...

You remember...

All our beloved mates those we have forgot...
We are here
The time we named civilization...
Who were in front of us?

***All Pictures of this book is taken from internet.



✿God Himself Prays Too✿

❀God Himself Prays Too❀

It seems to me,
God cries every night,
And prays...

It seems to me,
Not a jest, dear poet,
What do I whisper to you—
Somewhere on a dark canvas within,
A longing hand sketches Heaven.

Even God prays
To the humans of this world:
“Oh, my creations, spread across the universe,
All I made, I made for your love—
Not for jealousy, not for revenge,
Not for war.”

God speaks:
“My beloveds, I gifted you a forest
To cleanse the air for your breath,
And for you to breathe life into trees—
It's a cycle, pure and endless.”

Mountain stand,
For dreams that transcend all realms,
And oceans—rivers—rains—
All woven together in harmony.

Everywhere,
On land, beneath water,
Above the sky and beyond—
All garlanded in unity.
I created it all, only for love.

Oh, my dear ones,
Can you hear?
Can you feel it?
My appeal...”



❀The Journey of Dreams in Space❀

❀The Journey of Dreams in Space❀

Dreams take root and spread,
Blossoming into flowers,
And the pollen of flowers dances in the air.
Oh, you Teslas of this era—
Your dreams, too, fly towards the sky.

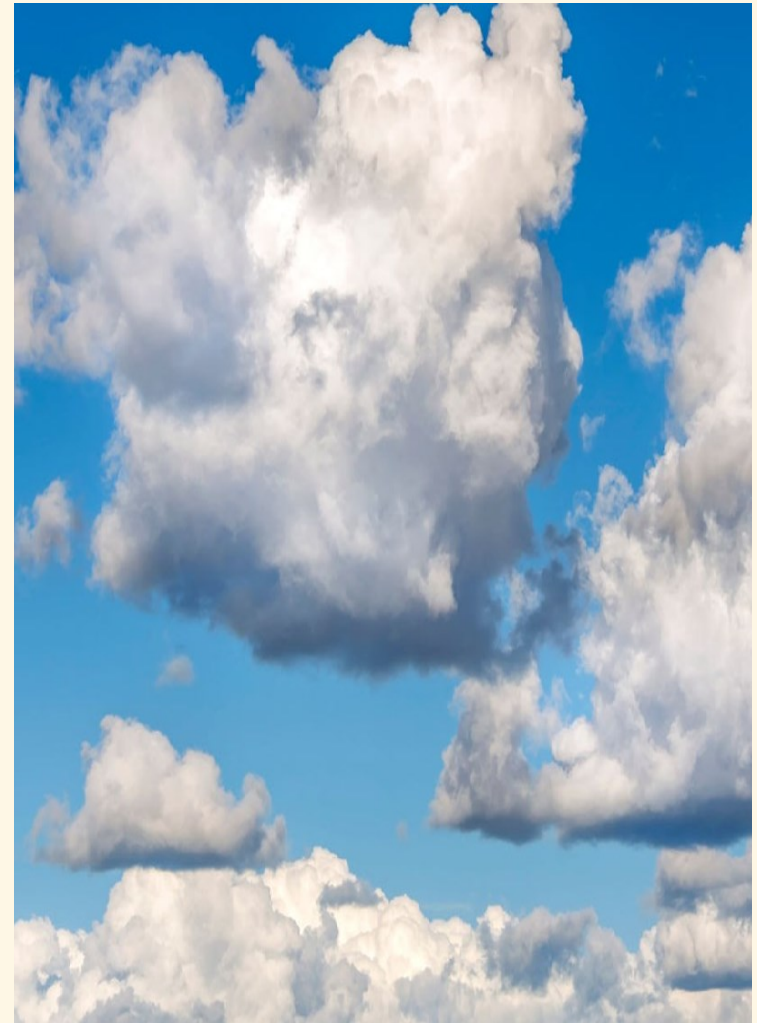
Has your test tube
Filled without us?
We, too, wish to go
With you,
On the path through space
To wherever you desire to travel!

Look, we are pregnant,
Spreading the seeds of love,
Dreaming of forests!

Take us along with you,
On the path through space
To wherever you desire to travel!

In space, on those unknown planets-
We, too, shall be companions
In the epic of humans and trees.

Do not leave us behind
At the end of this journey.
On your journey through space,
Let it also be a journey
Of our dreams!



❀That Cloud❀

☼That Cloud☼

My heart is filled with memories of falling.
Once, the earth burned under a scorching sky,
Fires danced in the forests like the ancient era of
Khandava Dahana.
Mountains, forests, deserts-all were silent in the fiery breath,
Life struggled, slowly fading away.

Even aquatic creatures sought comfort in the paths of the desert,
Water was no longer a refuge, only the agony of being scorched.
I was then swirling vapor,
Eventually, I transformed into a vast cloud-dark,
filled with water.

I floated over the burnt forests,
The leaves of the trees fell, offering me a moment of solitude
In their final breath of charred existence.
The desert, beneath the dry soil, whispered,
"After so many years, at last,
the shadow of peace touches my heart."

And the rivers, dry but waiting,
Said, "You have come; we were waiting for you."
Crossing the mountains, I paused for a moment,
It was my turn to return.
I began to fall as rain,
A gentle drizzle flowing down the slopes.

I soaked the soil,
From rocks to moss.
Then I flew again, toward the desert,
Higher, farther,
My journey is not over yet.

My first drop spread across the heart of the desert,
A calm embrace over the dry horizon,
Where the wait had been long.
Deep beneath the soil, the roots had waited,
Turn green at my touch.

Every grain of dust seemed to learn how to breathe again.
I traveled further,
Water returned to the empty riverbeds,
Waterfalls echoed their songs across the mountains.
And,
I touched the burnt branches of the forests,
The dead leaves gathered the shadow of life.

New leaves returned,
Flowers bloomed, and birds began to sing.
I continued to fly, an endless traveler—
And within my heart, from the drop of a dream,
I wondered when I would become the vast ocean!



❀Lessons from the Sky❀

❀Lessons from the Sky❀

It was a dark night,
The dense forest was adorned in moonlight,
Waves rose and sang on the heart of the Amazon,
Dolphins swam with boundless joy.

Amidst the clamor of the water, memories surfaced,
Beneath the sky,
It felt like an eternal night,
A soft melody played along the mountain slopes,
Blending with the whispers of the forest.

A gentle breeze stirred the leaves,
The sky was full of life's hum,
From the sky, I learned patience,
In nature's embrace, the night of freedom was tied.

When the rain came, hope merged with the river's flow,
Each wave spoke of eternal love,
The playful aquatic creatures leaped in joy,
For they knew, hidden in nature's voice, was liberation.

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This world feels like a wondrous song,
We are all part of that melody,
From the sky, I've learned everything,
The meaning of life, the unseen face of nature.

The sound of the Amazon's current,
Tells an eternal tale,
The stars scattered across the sky,
Smile in delight at the dolphins' joy.
We dwell on this earth,
Learning from the sky
Endless love.

Amazonia Syndrome



❀The Tale of the Silent Mountain❀

❀The Tale of the Silent Mountain❀

Look, I am not a poet-
I cannot weave garlands of words
For you, like blossoming flowers!

I can only open the windows for you
Where the fragrance of flowers drifts by,
And you can close your eyes
And the journey through that garden of blooms.
I open up the sky for you-
Walk through the marketplace full of stars
In the dark night-
Walk beneath the light of the constellations-
Touch the clouds of joy and sorrow!

When the melody of life echoes
From the peaceful sea,
There, beneath the blue waters, cells
Suddenly I discover myself like themself-
Suddenly realize-they are not alone-

And I, the silent mountain,
Call out for awakening-

Rise up from beneath the sea to my peak,
They all ascend in groups
To the land of the moon and sun-where life gathers!
I only know the song of awakening!

Rise up
From the depths of the sea
Beneath the moon and the sun...



❁Methuselah❁

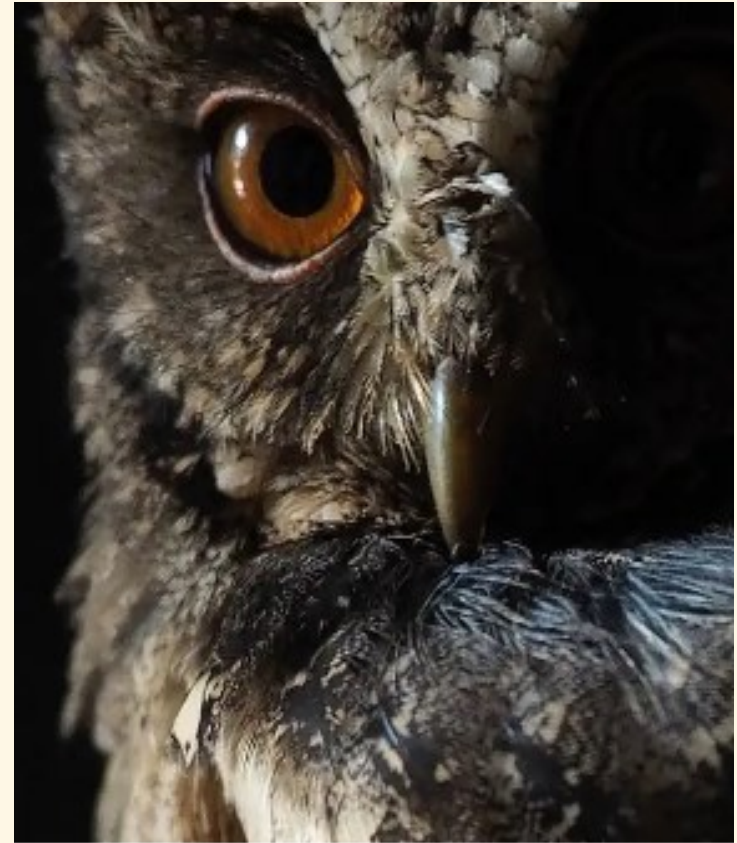
❁Methuselah❁

You stand on the cradle of time,
Whispers of ancient words float in the air.
Your roots are woven deep in the ocean of ages.
Oh Methuselah, my beloved ancient tree,
Silent and wise,
You know when storms, droughts, fires, and snow pass,
Humans have walked through them, and still walk today!

You've seen how the human heart
Weaves its tales-how from those tales
People have learned so much!
You know, and only you,
When the sea loses its way-it becomes a desert.
When desire loses its way-
Dreams cling to the sky like a hanging thread.
In every branch of yours is written the history of the Earth.
Carved into your bark are the sighs of stars,
How many moonlit nights,
How many winters and springs!

Methuselah, you too know
That everything ends one day,
In your shade, we find the shadow of humanity,
Your ancient presence teaches us the silent embrace of patience,
As we humans walk our paths,
Leaving but faint traces behind!

You stand still for a few more thousand years-
Our children will come in time,
Gathering around you in groups-
They will sit beside you-
And you will open the book of your bark
Where the silent song of the universe is written-
They will calculate it all
You have and had oxygen,
carbon dioxide,
storms, shade, rain, and snow.



❁Amazon's Night: Symphony of Shadows❁

❁Amazon's Night: Symphony of Shadows❁

The shadow of the Amazon rests on the moon,
And the sky breaks, sending darkness into the forest.
A jaguar moves silently,
can only sense its muscles and shadow,
Its golden eyes glimmer with the sparkle of the night.

The cloud-broken river flows slowly,
Reflecting itself on the canvas of the night.
The crocodiles float—only their eyes above the water,
Their bodies are hidden beneath the waves,
A fire burns within them—the fire called hunger.

The trees that are awake in the day now bend in sleep,
Dreaming of monsters chasing them with rusted saws,
Or of a devastating storm and wildfires at the start of spring,
Cutting and burying tender leaves and flowers.

Then, the nocturnal trees and all creatures awaken.
Above everything,
The moon hangs like a lantern along a path,
Spreading its silver light over fallen leaves
And the ruthless claws of nocturnal birds and beasts,
The night becomes a chessboard,
Where the games unfold just like the daylight!

Only they know the melodies and rhythms,
That song is more ancient than the roots and branches of the trees!



❁Ancient Folktale❁

❀ Ancient Folktale ❀

This story, they say, is still written
In the roots of an ancient tree.

But where is that tree,
No one on this earth knows anymore.

Some say that old tree-
Vanished long ago,
Leaving only the tales and the myths alive.

Some say it lives beneath the sea;
Some say it survives
In a distant sky-
No one knows its true abode.

Yet under its shade once dwelled a mountain,
And a meadow of flowers-thousands of blossoms and hues,
Which turned the ancient,
solid night
Into a sky full of stars!

Some say
That tree
Fell in love with a tiny droplet of water,
Loved it so deeply,
Loved it so deeply,
But the droplet,
Burst into a vapor of emotion and died.

And the tree, with a sigh, wept and died.
Then the droplet lived again-only to sigh and die once more.

And the tree came back to life-only to sigh and die again!
This tale of dying and reviving
Continues,
Like the chorus of love and life on Earth!



❀The Unborn Children of Earth❀

❀The Unborn Children of Earth❀

Where am I leaving you,
Oh my children-
In this barren desert?

Where,
The seeds of trees-
Float through the air
Only to burn to ashes!

Look, we've crafted telescopes
Our floating telescopes,
Capable of finding
Where water exists among planets and star-

Even finding the flower that blooms
In the deep darkness of the sea-

Yet, oh my children,
Leaving you in the scorching sands of the Gobi,
I sleep-
I dream of the day we'll reach the stars and planets.

Oh my children,
I am astonished-
Why doesn't the water of Earth's oceans rebel?
Why don't they turn into countless rivers
To tear through the heart of every desert-
Why don't the clouds revolt-
Drifting across the sky,
And pour down torrential rains upon this desert-
For my sleeping, unborn children-

***The Son of the Earth” was created by Professor Dong Shubing of Tsinghua University in the Gobi Desert in Hongshanpo, Guazhou County, Gansu Province.
The sculpture is 15 meters long, 4.3 meters high and 9 meters wide.
The title of the work means that we are all the children of the earth.



❀ Old Times ❀

❀ Old Times ❀

But does my body
Flow like an ancient river?
And does my old mind
Stand like a bush by the water's body?

Is my sorrow a cloud
That drifts away in tears... to the unknown?
The song of the waterfall cascading down the mountain
How ancient its tune is
The rivers inside the human body
The stony mountains inside the human body
The flowers and butterflies within
Inside the human body
Through the fragrant gardens in bloom
A flock of colorful cockatoos flies with open wings.

Who knows when the waters of Tethys dried up...
Who knows when the waters of the Sahara dried up...
When did Gobi's waters disappear-who can say-
Within a stone, in a seashell are written stories of time-
The polar bear doesn't know
When the snow began to fall
The jaguar's burning eyes
Carry no sense of time!

But is it written in the salty blue ocean
All of it!
Human bodies carry within
The old times!

So do the currents of rivers, the songs of mountains
Flow through my veins?
Are the tears gathered in my eyes
Just echoes of ancient seas?
Every day, with bodies made of clay
We touch time!



❁ Dead Sea ❁

❁ Dead Sea ❁

Here, there is no current, no pulse, the desolate wind feels so alone,
I stand beside the silent dead sea,
Look, we seek life a lamp flickering in the darkness.
The vast saline water resting on the shore,
Like shattered fragments of a dream,
Cling to human bodies like dust on the tired.

Yet, we search,
Like a war-ravaged, wounded city,
A fallen tower of hope,
And our love in a burnt-down library.

The dried rivers, waiting for rain, have lost their way in the desolate desert,
In a cloudless sky, only despair floats in the void-
Yet, with dry eyes, we still cry,
Will the waters of the dead sea ever roar again one day?

Or will our dreams sink
Into the deep abyss of darkness forever?
You know, humans have learned to break,
Though they knew how to build, they've forgotten much;
Still, they walk through the quicksand of disaster,
They move forward-driven by a desire
For a new dawn,
In search of a new world.

Humans know,
Within destruction lies the seed of creation.



❁ Climate and Humanity ❁

❁ Climate and Humanity ❁

Meditative soul,
You sit on a stone, absorbed
At the foothills of the mountains,
By the waterfalls –
Today, an entire world trembles,
From the arrogance of humankind.
Can you feel the cries beneath your feet?

Once, wildflowers bloomed around you,
Vines encircled, embracing you;
Now, there lies barren earth,
And the sorrow of fallen leaves!

The green that climbed your body,
Now trails into paths of black smoke,
Hidden under the ominous shadow of cities.

The air that once soared to the skies
Is now heavy, filled with poison!
The stars of the night, companions of nature,
Even their light dims,
Veiled by a hazy sky!

Do you know, do you see,
The fire ignited by human greed –
It spreads suffering across the earth,
Can your meditative heart hear it?

You remain unmoved, but the Earth does not;
The sea rises in fury,
And the air carries the scent of venom.

Yet, this world was once peaceful,
Now worn by human hands!
Still, somewhere, a hope lingers –
Among humanity.
Can you hear their awakening?



✿ Humanity the Warmonger ✿

❁ Humanity the Warmonger ❁

Are humans warmongers?
Tell me, where have we not brought destruction?
The heart of the Earth, the sky's roof,
The ocean's depths – everywhere, stories of death unfold.
Yet ask – are humans truly warmongers?
They shatter mountains, clear out forests,
The trees cry, yet we do not hear their silent pleas.

We break the wings of birds to raise flags high,
Set fires in homes in the name of peace.
Even rivers bear witness to rivers of blood,
In a frenzy of wrath,
We search for valor amid destruction –

Are humans not enemies of nature?
They go to war out of a lust for power,
While innocent faces weep quietly in the dark.

And yet they sing of civilization,
Weapons in hand, their voices loud.
Are humans warmongers – or merely foolish?
Blindly casting the world into darkness,
Still, it's only humans who can bring back the light,
If they choose to live in harmony,
answering peace's call.



❁ The Path I Left Behind ❁

❀ The Path I Left Behind ❀

I've left paths across this world,
Drawn with my own being!
Rivers, seas, ponds, deserts, mountains, forests –
Where haven't I left my trace?

Even in the sky,
If on a dark night,
With solitude in your heart,
You look at the countless stars,
You'll see – I've sketched a path there too.

Life is a play of mixed elements,
Where so much is gained –
In the beginning, there was only love –
And over time, you've added more:
Melancholy, despair, sorrow, and countless other feelings...

In the story of survival,
Learning the arithmetic of loss is essential,
Just as it's vital to recognize the hidden connection of sorrow with-
in joy.
Behind every smile,
There lingers some emptiness,
Yet, on this journey, we cannot afford to stop.

Life must be broken down,
And with each break, a new calculation begins.
The world holds a great charm,
Yet we must still say farewell.

Every path has an end, and at each end,
A new journey awaits.
The traces left behind point to new paths –
So find the road that awaits you.



❁ Division ❁

❁ Division ❁

Was it the day
We called ourselves human
And set ourselves apart from others
With whom we share this world?
In our judgment, we became divided –
Into me, you, and them!

Yet we share a breath-bound connection with the trees;
The very breath we take in –
It is the trees who give it.
And in exchange, we exhale,
Giving back to the trees.

And what of the creatures around us –
If breath is life itself,
Then trees, humans, and animals together create life!

Our breath resides in their being,
And theirs within ours!
Why, then, did we humans,
Forget the equation of this give and take?

The trees remember it all!
So why, as humans,
Did we seek to consider ourselves greater?

When every life
Is threaded into the same garland of nature,
Why did we set ourselves apart?

Trees know no division,
Creatures have no obsession with supremacy.
They are woven together in life's single thread,
Remembering only the art of giving.

Yet we seem to break
This intimate circle of life.
The day we built the walls of civilization,
Perhaps that was when the separation began.



❁ When I Stand on This Stone ❁

❀ When I Stand on This Stone ❀

Whenever I stand on this stone,
At night,
In full moonlight,
In solitude,
I am drenched by clouds around me –
Is it mist, or rain,
Or perhaps tears?

I don't know –
In my courtyard, flowers of sorrow bloom!

Standing here,
I think only of rising upwards,
My mind filled with thoughts of ascent –
Towards unknown constellations in the sky.

Beneath my feet, the cold stone,
And under it, the mountain,
Where waters from the waterfall flow endlessly.

Below, a forest shelters a pregnant doe,
With evening's light always blooming flowers,
Wearing a striped shawl –
She smiles, seeing herself in a small mirror!
Above, a chorus of parrots and other birds sing songs of love,
Flying away in tears.

Those under the water's surface
Lift their faces to the night sky, forgetting
All memories of daytime sorrows –
Surrounded by barren lands,
Like the elderly, caught in memories of the past,
With no dreams except in mystical tales.
And beyond that, the water,

Salty –
The world's history, day by day, turns to salt,
The story of single-celled and multicellular life alike!
Bathed in moonlight, with my whole being,
I've stood on this stone for ages,
At night,
In full moonlight,
In solitude!



Sultan Muhammad Razzak
(Ph.D., D.Litt, Knight)

Sultan Muhammad Razzak was born in 1959 in Pabna, Bangladesh. At the age of 11, he began his journey in cultural activities as a child artist. He is a prominent cultural thinker, an advocate for the establishment of Bangladesh's Cultural Convention, and an active voice in the global cultural movement. Razzak holds a master's degree in Bengali Literature from the University

of Dhaka and academic doctoral degrees focusing on social development and media. In recognition of his lifetime contributions to global cultural development and literary endeavors, he was honored with international honorary doctorates, including a Doctor of Literature (D.Litt).

He earned the professional degree "UNESCO Expert Leader (d' Animador UNESCO)" from UNESCO Escolar, Spain, and completed a course on ICT in education from UNESCO Thailand.

In 1997, he launched the online newsletter *Krishtikatha* (a discussion platform on culture), which later evolved into *Volunteer* (2000), reaching over 10,000 addresses worldwide. He has produced 18 video documentaries for various national and international organizations and conducted more than 40 research projects. Notable among these are his studies on the culture and lifestyle of the 52 tribal communities of the Chittagong Hill Tracts in Bangladesh and their development, as well as a cross-border anthropological study of human and cultural interactions in the border regions of Bangladesh and India.

In 2004, he participated in an open audience session on 141 questions concerning cultural investment at the World Cultural Forum in Barcelona. Razzak is a founding member of the Forum for Culture and Human Development (1994), Gram Theatre (1981–1994), and Bangladesh Group Theatre Federation (1981).

He has affiliations with several prestigious organizations, including the International Association of University Presidents (IAUP) and the International Network of Cultural Diversity (INCD), where he served as a steering committee member. He is also an advisor to the World Culture Open (WCO) and actively collaborates with various organizations in Bangladesh.

Sultan Muhammad Razzak is a playwright, director, poet, lyricist, actor, storyteller, contemporary educator, and translator. As a researcher, he has presented papers at renowned conferences and universities worldwide.

Published Plays:

Behula, Goigeramer Pala, Polonath Company, Affer, Manikjor, Shironamhin, Kalapani, Lilibanur Songshar, Shobar Upore Manush Shotto, Indur, Janaganer Pala, Fossil, and Baut.

Poetry Collections:

Rubaiyat-e-Sultan (7 volumes, 3000 quatrains), Anarya Kothamala, Bidarshan, Alik Bidarshan, Manobi o Bikeli Phool, Shopno Kolpodrum, Sindbader Dhruvotara, Nuhar Nouka o Krugar Park, Kichu Jibashmophool, Hey Amar Jonota, Nisorgo Path, Dual Melody.

Translations:

Notable works include translations of 100 poems by 10 Romantic poets and Rubaiyat-e-Omar Khayyam.

Razzak has received numerous national and international awards for his contributions as a playwright, educator, organizer, and poet. All his publications are available for free download at the link provided.

